The King and Peace

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Life and Letters	507	Carlyle and Burns	515
La Sieste	509	A Theory of Economy	516
Ad Divam Nicotinam	509	Things	517
The King and Peace	510	Horace: His Text	518
		Meetings of Societies	519
Reviews	511	Correspondence	520
A New Omar	513	Books Received	522

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE present disgraced and discredited Government are said to be contemplating the introduction of a Bill to amend the terms of the King's Coronation Oath by leaving out the words in that oath which are gratuitously and needlessly offensive to the Roman Catholic subjects of his Majesty. If they have the good sense to bring in such a measure, and the very small degree of courage necessary to pass it into law, in face of the protests of an insignificant minority of fanatics, represented by such leaders of "religious opinion" as Sir Edward Carson and his like, they will at least have been able to boast of one good action. The words as they stand at present are not only grossly offensive to Roman Catholics, but equally repellent to the main body of the Church of England, as represented by the so-called High Church party. The members of the Protestant League and other eccentric bodies are apparently in profound ignorance of the fact that the Sovereign of these realms is bound by law to be a member of the Church of England, and to subscribe to her doctrines. He or she is just as much debarred from being a Jew, a Baptist, a Unitarian, a Congregationalist, an Irvingite, or a member of the Salvation Army, as he is debarred from being a Roman Catholic. A Roman Catholic monarch, provided that he did not interfere with the religious liberties of his subjects, would probably be accepted with equanimity by the vast majority of the members of the Established Church. A monarch who professed to be a member of any of the other sects which we have mentioned would not remain on the throne for a week. It is consequently obvious that for the King to be obliged to go out of his way to insult the religious beliefs of a vast number of his most loyal subjects is a scandal and an outrage. The King ought not to be expected to describe himself as a "Protestant." The word nowhere occurs in the English Prayer Book, and it is no part of the duty of a faithful member of the Anglican community to protest against other branches of the Church of Christ.

We have received No. 1 of the *Commentator*, "a weekly political and social review," price one penny. The new candidate for journalistic power is not particularly cheerful of visage, but it sets out with an avowal of faith in "old principles," which, of course, is good. Old principles are, after all, usually the best principles, and it is so rare to hear of principles of any kind in the new journals that we must perforce be more or less grateful to the promoters of the *Commentator*. We are afraid, however, that our youthful contemporary has set itself a very hard row to hoe. Articles on "Educational Tyranny," "Spoon-fed Legislation," "Trade Union Levies," "The Cant of Representation," and "A 'Fourth Estate' of the Realm" are admirable enough in their way, but it is to be doubted if the penny public is in the least likely to appreciate them. Possibly the *Commentator* will find its way to livelier matter as it grows older and a trifle stronger on its legs. Meanwhile let it beware of dulness and the trite truism. "Old principles in a new paper" is our contemporary's motto. Old wine in rather indifferent new bottles would appear to be its danger. We are pleased to be able to observe, however, that the *Commentator* is fairly free from the Harmsworth taint, and that, so far as its principles go, they are anti-Radical and anti-Socialistic.

The *Literary Post* for the current week sings and looks a trifle small. The shape of the paper, which was practically its only pleasing feature, has been cut down in very clumsy fashion, and we can find no improvement in the quality of the reading matter. And on the back page Mr. Eveleigh Nash is offering a £2 2s. portrait of His Majesty King Edward VII. and a year's issue of *Nash's Magazine* for twelve-and-sixpence. Obviously this is philanthropy with a capital "P." We shall take an early opportunity of discussing this two-guinea portrait business at greater length.

From the Actors' Orphanage Fund we have received the following extraordinary paragraph "with compliments":

> When Mr. George Alexander took to hat-trimming at last year's Theatrical Garden Party, we all, like Lewis Carroll, "marked with one eye." This year (on June 28) fortunate visitors may perhaps see Mr. Lyn Harding engaged in *hair-dressing!* not doing his own hair nicely, nor metaphorically "combing the hair" of some unlucky author; but simply and literally emulating a ladies' hair-dresser or the lady's-maid in the "rites mysterious" of the coiffeur's art. We presume, at least, that it *will* be ladies' hair, and that the lovely owners' heads will be attached thereto, though the programme announces merely "Hair-dressing Competition by Actors and Actresses under the direction of Miss Phyllis Broughton." This hair-dressing and hat-trimming should be great sport. Much tamer might have seemed the shooting matches in the "Anglo-American Shooting Gallery" if one had not seen the names of the leaders. To see Miss Alexandra Carlisle leading her team into the contest against Miss Gertie Millar's squad, and the winners standing up against Miss Lily Elsie's and Miss Gabrielle Ray's sharpshooters, and all three breaking the records left by Messrs. Ainley, Coyne, Hallard, and Guy Standing—this will be novel and entertaining. After the din of warfare and the clash of arms (so to speak), what more refreshing than to stroll in the waxy shades of Jarley's Living Waxworks? Waxy they will doubtless be, if the afternoon

is warm and the crush is as merry as last year, if Miss Jessie Bateman proves inexorable and permits no waxy waxwork to move a finger to scratch a tickling nose or trickling brow! Mr. George Grossmith, jun., as Master of the Ring, cracking his whip in the sawdust, with Mr. W. H. Berry as clown and Mr. Robert Hale as lion tamer, taming that ferocious lion, Mr. George Ali. They will be found in Barnum and Bunkum's Royal Hippodrome.

The Actors' Orphanage Fund is doubtless a most praiseworthy charity, and we are much obliged for its "compliments." But surely paragraphs such as the one printed above are a trifle too funny even for charity. Clowning is an art to itself, and, judging from the present effort, it is an art which the Actors' Orphanage Fund might reasonably leave to more competent hands. Perhaps the Royal Literary Fund might care to take a leaf out of the same book. Mr. Owen Seaman trimming a hat for Dr. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. E. V. Lucas combing the profuse locks of Mr. Clement Shorter would indubitably draw crowds. For our own part, however, we would rather see a list of the names of the Royal Literary Fund pensioners or recipients of grants.

On Monday afternoon we visited Daly's Theatre, and witnessed a competent performance of "Champions of Morality," a comedy in three acts by Ludwig Thoma, translated by H. R. Hertz and Frederick Whelen. Mr. George Bernard Shaw was in the Royal box, Mr. William Archer, of Palace Theatre fame, sat diffidently in the stalls, and the rest of the theatre was taken up by ourselves and large numbers of persons from Maida Vale, Bayswater, and Barking. "Champions of Morality" is really a farce, and not by any means an unentertaining farce. There is a fearful lot of talk in it, and most of the talk is twaddle. But the story amuses one, and must have proved particularly entertaining to Mr. Shaw, who would doubtless recognise the Shavian hand in the general business of the afternoon. From our point of view it is a pity that the Incorporated Stage Society should apparently be taking seriously what the author of "Champions of Morality" can have intended only as a joke of the most obvious dye. After Ibsen, Hauptmann, Browning, W. B. Yeats, and even Mr. Shaw himself, one does not quite expect from the Incorporated Stage Society such gay and innocent trifling. We are afraid that the persons from Maida Vale and Bayswater must have found "Champions of Morality" a trifle confusing. If the play has any meaning for them and for the Stage Society it means that it is wicked to champion morality, because if he is so disposed your maker of farces can readily indicate that moralists are themselves sinful men. Of course, this is one of the oldest "fetches" of the comic stage, and, seriously considered, it amounts to nothing at all. Yet one judges from the conversation which went on around one between the acts, that Maida Vale and Bayswater, not to mention the Stage Society, incline to the opinion that Herr Thoma's *jeu d'esprit* amounts to a very nasty knock for the moralists. The villain of the piece—and one must have a villain even in farce—happens to be the president of a vigilance society. The heroine is a cocotte, and there are various humorous and unhumorous minor characters, male and female. The females are highly respectable, and one of them, of course, is a down-trodden victim of the marriage laws, and does not fail to squeak in the right place. We are also introduced to an elderly female philosopher of pious and upright life, who is nevertheless "sick of principles," and explains with great vehemence that she would rather that her son should be vicious than that he should be a member of a vigilance society. Of course, nobody really cares twopence about vigilance societies, and we rather wonder that, in the circumstances and with a proper view to the driving home of their moral, the translators of the work did not substitute a library censorship or a society for the censorship of plays for the author's Vigilance Society. The thing would have been quite easy of accomplishment, and much more convincing to Bayswater and Mr. Shaw. We suppose that the Incorporated Stage Society cannot be aware of the fact that in producing plays of this particular brand they are really championing the sound old-fashioned morality in the very ablest way. The unmasking of the immoral moralist is one of the duties of the "Champions of Morality." And the Stage Society devoted the whole of Monday afternoon to the good work. What more can one desire?

The editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* has discovered a new satirist, who is favouring the town with what he calls "Rowton House Rhymes." We are inclined to think that *Blackwood's* poet owes something to Mr. W. H. Davies; though he lacks Mr. Davies's finer poetical parts, and he is foul and fierce in a way which is impossible to his master. Here are a few lines from the second of the rhymes, which is entitled "My Friend Mr. Spunge":—

He had a cough
As hollow as his hollow heart:
The wheeze was Nature, but the choke was Art.
He said: "I knew you for a toff,
First time I saw you." Playing chess we were,
And I was Blackburne's master, Lasker's equal,
And Lord knows all what else for sequel.
He played me soft as any dulcimer;
His touch
Was much
Like Pachmann's, coaxing Chopin; no wild clutch,
No brutal pound—he gentled me.
He stirred among my various strings,
A zephyr in an aspen-tree,
That moves to song and at the same time sings.
And O! the lungy way he spat,
And O! the cheesy sob, a thing to wonder at!

Our *Blackwood* rhymer goes on to tell us that Mr. Spunge "quoted Browning, too, the swine," and had read Mrs. Humphry Ward and "In Memoriam," not to mention "Marcus Aurelius" and "Omar." And altogether the rhymer was very pleased with him. Yet mark the dénouement:—

But—when, by some tongue-slip,
He learned my secret (all we men have one),
And hawked it round the House for drinks—
My pain, *my* sorrow, for a pot of ale!—
I laid the whip
Of such hot scorn as the worm thinks
Must melt the hook, about his pale
And pasty head, and bade him run
Ere I had—*Yes, he ran!*
He ran—
Just like a man!

And as he sprinted, he let fall a book.
("Marcus Aurelius," you guess;
"Tristram of Lyonesse?"
Or Omar's wisdom? He had kissed the feet

Of all of them, the cheat!)
I picked it up, and stole a look.
"Post Office Savings Bank"—his name:
I peeped inside, and felt no shame.

He'd £23 13s. to his credit!
And so I knew the Thing—and I had fed It.

Dear, dear, and how terrible. And what a blow to those readers of Browning, Mrs. Humphry Ward, "Marcus Aurelius," and "Omar," who happen to frequent the Rowton Houses. We should not have thought that readers of *Blackwood* would possess a stomach for this kind of thing, which, after all, is a sheer exercise in bitterness and vituperation.

We have received several letters from correspondents commenting upon the various "catch-penny schemes" which have originated in consequence of the death of His Majesty King Edward VII. It appears that a firm of art publishers are issuing a facsimile of Queen Alexandra's letter to the nation at a shilling a copy, and that another firm of publishers have produced a pen-portrait of King Edward by Mr. Hall Caine, and that the proceeds of the sales of both these ventures are to be devoted to the Queen Mother's charities. For ourselves we do not see any great harm in either of these schemes. The autograph letter may be dear at a shilling, and the pen-portrait by Mr. Hall Caine may be a pure and unadulterated luxury at the same price. But there are people in the world who will like to have both, and as the profits are to go to charitable objects, we fail to see where the catchpenniness comes in. We are not so sure, however, that we can entirely approve of a work on King Edward VII. and his Times which is being boomed by the Harmsworth Press, and which is being published in parts. The work in question is issued by the authority of the King, and has been compiled by the Royal Librarian at Windsor Castle. It seems to us, however, that the connection of the Harmsworths with the work does not add to its dignity or to the dignity of the Monarchy.

Russian dancers of one quality and another have taken possession of practically all the London music halls. The Palace has its Pavlova and her troupe, the Hippodrome its Preobrajensky and her troupe, the Coliseum its Karsavina, and the Empire its Kyasht. We have seen them all, and to make comparisons would be invidious, because all in their way are worth seeing. Pavlova and Kyasht appear to us to bear the palm; but for Preobrajensky it is to be said that, while she may not be the most captivating of dancers, she is to be seen in a very fine setting in the shape of a "ballet divertissement," "Le Lac des Cygnes," composed by Tschaikowsky. The Hippodrome is also presenting no less a high vaudeville personage than Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert, and, of course, crowded houses are the result. We have still to lament the misfortunate condition of the Hippodrome in respect of reasonable refreshment for man and beast—man, of course, meaning the audience and beast the critics. Ginger ale and coffee are all very fine in their way, and quite healthful if not particularly nourishing beverages. But why in the name of goodness one should be able to purchase a liqueur at the Palace, the Empire, and the Alhambra, and not at the Hippodrome passes our comprehension. Of course, it is the County Council, and not the management of the theatre, which is at fault. We consider that in continuing to withhold a full licence from this admirably managed establishment the London County Council are inflicting a grave injustice upon the proprietors and a gross and unnecessary inconvenience upon the public.

LA SIESTE

(From the French of José Maria de Hérédia.)

No stir is here of wandering bee or fly,
All in the forest drowses in the sun
Where the close foliage filters light to one
Dimness of emerald tufted moss; the high
Noon threading through the obscure canopy
On my half-shut suffusèd lids has spun
With thousand threads a mesh vermilion
That flutters in the warm obscurity.

Towards the fiery gauze the sunlight plies
Wanders a frail cloud of rich butterflies
Drunk with the perfumed sap, the clear sun beams;
With fingers tremulous each strand I hold,
And thus in subtle mesh and nets of gold,
I captive take the vision of my dreams.

M. J.

AD DIVAM NICOTINAM

O quae timorum tot minitantium
Tot pervicaces fortiter impetus
Arces et exturbas equo cum
Post equitem sedet atra cura!

Quam dulce rides cum polus albicat
Vix luce, rides prandia cum levant
Mensas, et ah! vergente Phoebo
Praecipue mihi forte rides.

Multos per annos tu mihi perplaces,
Quamvis in aurem plurima publicam
Famosa rumores susurret
Lingua tuo capiti nocentes:

Quam dira velox exitium feras
Tactu vel ipso felibus, ut caro
Tantum assa mox qualis supersint:
Archigenes Craterusque testes.

"Divaeque cultores" ita dictitant
"Tarde elevantur, peius ut in dies
Sint mente capti viribusque,
Simius et macer ut lacertus.

"Nuptasque mulcant, deinde novaculam
Insanientes in medium iecur
Cultrumve carptoris, patrata
Post scelera impia mille, figunt."

Nobis benigni di meliora dent!
Atqui vel unum scimus et alterum,
Diva alma, ducentes odores
Saepe tuos, tamen interesse.

Casto popello: non secus Aelius,
Uxore (faustum!) non sine conscia,
Labore perfunctus diurno
Ventitat ad tua sacra cultor.

Est ut pusillis sis animalibus
Fatale monstrum; quis tamen abnuat
Te, diva, qui callet deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti?

Non nos pusilli, non sumus ut genus
Nos discolorum debile felium:
Herbam ministra, Grosphe, et, Aeli,
Sume tubum, calicemque Porci.

R. Y. T.

THE KING AND PEACE

It appears that over the casket which contained all that was mortal of his late Majesty King Edward VII. the Kaiser somewhat melodramatically grasped the hand of his Majesty King George V. The lachrymose press of England has exploited this incident to the top of its bent. It was a purely human incident, and at best or worst it may be considered possibly to have startled King George, who is a stranger to public displays of personal emotion; while so far as the German Emperor is concerned, it can only be set down for a piece of honest melodrama. We say this with all due respect to the Kaiser, who has always been a top-heavy, if kindly, gentleman, and who has always exhibited an unkingly disposition to act emotionally. Scarcely had the press finished reading the highest political meanings into this picturesque and humanly speaking sincere grip of the hand, when we were told in large type that the Emperor of Germany had conversed with Monsieur Pichon, and that in the course of the conversation his Imperial Majesty had expressed desires for the maintenance of peace by "a confederation of the States of Europe." The English press has in consequence heaped tearful blessings upon the Kaiser, and treated us to literal perches of twaddle about Peace. The German press, on the other hand, both "inspired" and boastfully uninspired, has denied that the Kaiser ever indulged in these particular remarks, and has asserted flatly that even if his Imperial Majesty did say something of the sort to Monsieur Pichon, the naval policy of Germany and the dispositions of Germany towards England and the other Powers are not in the least altered, and must remain substantially as they were. So that, while England was the other day sighing thankfully over dreams of Peace once again realised, she is now droning along with the old quibbles, the old doubts, and the ancient suspicions. For our own part, we must confess to a feeling of utter contempt for the British attitude towards this question of what is magniloquently called "the Peace of the World," but which really amounts to a question of peace between England and Germany. We are tired of being told directly and indirectly, but always with bold head-lines and in unmistakably pusillanimous phrases, that peace between England and Germany is the peculiar affair of his Imperial Majesty Wilhelm II. The Kaiser says Peace, cry the newspapers; consequently, let us thank the Kaiser and our lucky stars, and let us endeavour to cultivate towards him and his people that friendly, cordial, and if needs be, subservient attitude which will keep his Majesty in a kindly, gracious, and benevolent humour. The Kaiser, on the other hand, says War—oh, dear! oh, dear! let us put our chuckle-heads beneath the bed-clothes at once and pray that his Imperial Majesty's intentions have been exaggerated, and that, if we behave ourselves, wiser and more pacific counsels may prevail. Let us also reflect that the Kaiser's preparations for a descent upon our chicken-yard are not likely to be completed for at least three years to come, and that consequently it would be foolhardy of him to precipitate matters. In these postures England invites contempt and worse than contempt, and obtains both. Why in the name of goodness should the Kaiser be held up either for the War Lord of Europe or for the arbiter of the peace of the world? As a matter of practical and absolute fact, the War Lord of Europe is his Majesty King George V., and the arbiter of the peace of the world is his Majesty King George V. It is the King's peace, and not the Kaiser's peace; and if it comes to war it must be the King's war, and not the Kaiser's war. If the press of England and the people of England will accept and depend upon these simple facts, we can spare ourselves a great deal of pathetic and undignified writing and a great deal of honest alarm. The issue for England is not, What does Germany propose to do? and the issue for Germany is, What does England propose to do? For years past the German Emperor has been practically the only active monarch in Europe. The German Army lives and moves and has its being under the immediate personal eye and ultimate personal control of the Emperor. He is his own War Office, and his own Minister of War, and his own principal Field Marshal, and his own principal drill sergeant rolled into one. It is his spirit that infuses the German Army, and if Germany had to undertake a war of aggression or defence to-morrow it would be the Kaiser who would lead and stage-manage and direct the whole business. He would go into the field and shout Ha! ha! with the best of them. The German Navy is equally led and inspired by the Kaiser. What is more, it is a navy of his own absolute creation. When his Imperial Majesty came to the throne the navy of Germany consisted of a handful of sardine-tins. To-day it is admitted by the Germans to be fully half as strong as the entire British Navy, and, knowing Germany as we do know her, we may take that estimate for a modest estimate. This weapon of aggressiveness is a weapon of the Kaiser's own forging—a weapon in which he himself delights and of which he has never been slow to boast in and out of season. Both the army and navy of Germany are a standing witness to the efficiency and power which can be attained by great national organisations under the immediate leadership and direction of an energetic monarch. The English Army, on the other hand, and the English Navy have never during the past seventy years been other than formally associated with the English monarchy. When a German thinks of the German Army he thinks of the Kaiser; when a German thinks of the German Navy he thinks of the Kaiser. When an Englishman thinks of the English Army, Roberts and Kitchener fly to his lips; and when he thinks of the English Navy it is a case of "Charley Beresford" or "good old Fisher." His late Majesty King Edward VII. kept the peace. Technically he was the head of the Army and the head of the Navy; practically he interfered with the affairs of neither Service. He was not a soldier, neither was he a sailor. The War Office and the Admiralty were no more to his Majesty than the Board of Trade or the Education Department or the Post Office. This, in our opinion, was the flaw, inasmuch as it left both Services virtually without their natural and proper leader and exemplar. Over Army and Navy alike the Ministers of the Crown and the military and naval authorities have been accustomed to exercise a complete control without in the least considering the paramount wishes and authority of the Monarch. Both Services have consequently been run by the higher grade of servants, and not by the master, and the results have been obvious to all of us. We have an Army which is being tinkered to death; we have a Navy which is chiefly distinguished for the bickerings and public differences of its admirals. Yet withal our ancient greatness and power still remain to us, and, though we have been humiliated in the eyes of Europe and our empiry of the seas and the kingdoms of the earth is not quite the untraversable affair that it once was, we are still masters of the situation. It seems to us that if we are to remain in this position, and if we are to gain ground rather than

to go on losing it, we must look to the natural head and master of the War Services for that headship and active mastership and practical personal leadership without which the Services cannot hope to flourish in their full strength and glory. During late weeks we have heard much about the importance to racing of King George's decision to take his natural place as the chief patron of the sport. When it was rumoured that his Majesty would not go racing the very bookmakers' touts became disconsolate and groaned about ruin and decay. We have not observed that any of the newspapers which were in such a hurry to advise King George on this and similarly large matters, have ventured on a word as to the vital importance of the relation of the King to the naval and military services. We consider that his relation to those services is ultimately of even greater importance than his Majesty's relation to Parliament or his relation to the people. As it happens, King George V. is a sailor, born and bred. So far as naval matters are concerned his Majesty is a practical man, and not to be fooled by the prettily dressed ships and "smart appearance of the men" which have for years past served for the satisfaction of English monarchs when inspections, reviews, and so forth have been to hand. We may, therefore, look to his Majesty for keen and efficient leadership in this the senior of his services. And as a fine sailor is usually a fine soldier there is no reason why his Majesty should not lend to the army a similar practical and inspiring leadership. A King should not busy himself in the opening of town halls and the bestowal of honours upon provincial mayors when he can be administering the higher affairs of those institutions upon which the security of his people and his throne depend. It is the personality of the Kaiser and the fact that he has made a business of the sciences of warfare on sea and land that have made the German army and navy what they are. King George may fittingly make these sciences his main business and duty for the State. If he does we shall soon hear a great deal less about German war-lordism; and German hopes and ambitions in so far as they involve aggression will concern us not a whit. With George V. as actively and zealously engaged in the affairs of the British Army and the British Navy as the Kaiser is engaged in the military and naval affairs of Germany, we shall quite speedily be the spectators of a handshaking and a peace arrangement which will have some meaning and substance about it.

REVIEWS

A BLUDGEON FROM AMERICA

Their Day in Court. By PERCIVAL POLLARD. (Neale, Washington. $3 net.)

IN Mr. Percival Pollard's volume we have quite the most remarkable and honestly intentioned book that has come out of America for many a long day. It is unfortunate for Mr. Pollard that he should be an American, because, do as he will, he is unable to get rid of the vulgarities which attach to American methods of thinking and American methods of writing. At the same time, he endeavours sincerely and valiantly to wipe the Yankee dust off his feet, and he proclaims vehemently the fact that it is dust, and foul dust. Even an Englishman could not be bitterer or more vehement on the subject. With the effect of Mr. Pollard's efforts upon American authorship and American criticism, not to mention American publishing and American journalism, we are not peculiarly concerned. He has spared nobody who deserves a trouncing, and he hits hard and anywhere. The Americans will no doubt have their revenge of him. He is sure to be set down by the inhabitants of "God's own country" for a beast, a brute, and a bludgeoner and a person to be condemned and avoided. He speaks the truth; and the whole truth vigorously spoken is not likely to be appreciated in America any more than it is appreciated in England. The recommendation which Mr. Pollard brings in his hand for English readers is that, with a few changes of the names of authors, critics, publishers, and newspapers, practically the whole of his volume could be made applicable to English literary and critical affairs. There are nearly five hundred pages of "Their Day in Court," and not a page which cannot be applied with force and truth to literary and journalistic England. Haphazard we quote Mr. Pollard on certain aspects of modern publishing:—

> The surest way, in all these recent years, to incur the disfavour of American publishers has been to tell the truth about their wares; so much have they come to take for granted the incapacity or the venality of those deputed to pass judgment about books in our public prints. If you chose independence, if you continued on a path of scrupulous rectitude in criticism, the rebuke of the publishers was stern indeed; they simply waited until, on some fatal, foolish day, you turned creative author. They remembered; oh, yes—they remembered; you could offer them anything from "Kim" to Khayyám, and have it refused by one of the million *clichés* kept for that purpose, the *cliché* that your book was "not exactly suitable" to the demands of their special custom, or the *cliché* stating that "our fall (or spring—or winter—or summer) lists are just closed." With the pleasantest of phrases, the most specious of reasons, the publishers saw to it that you remained as negligible a quantity as possible; your quality might be what it pleased. You were forced to live upon the accretions of your conscious rectitude; always supposing that you had seriously intended making a living out of telling the critical truth about our letters.

Portions of this statement may be personal to Mr. Pollard. He may have suffered in the directions indicated, and it may be argued that if his head is sore and his heart heavy, his charge against the publishers of America must not be taken too seriously. Yet he makes this charge, and he makes it in open daylight, and in any case it is a charge which can be levelled against the English publishing trade with absolute justice, and with a sufficient backing of proofs. In England at the present moment publishing is to a large extent an affair of coteries. You will find certain publishing houses producing books by half a dozen different authors, all of whom are friends of each other and all of whom have common relations with certain newspapers. There is a publisher, for example, who publishes for A, B, C, and D. A, B, C, and D eat the same *poulet en casserole* and drink the same cheap claret in a Soho restaurant twice daily. What is more, A, B, C, and D are employed to a man in journalistic capacities on such and such a brilliant morning haporth or on such and such a sixpenny review, and it is upon this haporth or this sixpenny review that the publisher learns to look as his main critical stand-by. And there is not a publisher in London who could be found to publish a work of criticism which would deal shrewdly and flatly with, say, the Harmsworth group of papers or the Pearson group of papers, or with the author-reviewers of the town generally. The desire of the publisher is always not to offend. He sets it down to his credit for superior manners that he will not offend, whereas in reality it is the fear of reprisals on the part of the dishonest which keeps him on the chain. Mr. Pollard brings his thick stick to bear on the whole of the ugly phases presented by the popular

literature and the popular publishing and newspaperdom of the day. The fact that he has found a publisher in America may appear to tell against some of the severest of his criticisms. But it does not do away with their obvious truth and their obvious shrewdness and pertinence. It is notable, too, that even Mr. Pollard has had to be content to leave out specific names and specific recognisable instances. This is most unfortunate for him, as it is unfortunate for America. A book which is largely aimed at the sin rather than sinner must necessarily fail of its true sharpness, inasmuch as it is always open for the trounced sinner to assert roundly that he is not himself the person implicated, and that the beating is obviously intended for the other fellow. In his heart, however, Mr. Pollard believes that it is the duty of criticism to lash the sinner with his own sin and to leave no possible room for doubt as to whom the sinner may be. When he is dealing with authors he is never mealy-mouthed, and one has never to cry "Name, name." The reason, of course, is obvious. The beaten author cannot in any circumstances retaliate in a way which will be awkward for the publisher. The beaten reviewer, on the other hand, and the beaten newspaper editor can always retaliate, and have never yet been known to fail of mean retaliation. As we have said, we cannot always follow Mr. Pollard in his American methods of view and statement. But there can be no question in the world that he is an honest man and that he holds literature to be of greater importance than either his friendships or his enmities. What is wanted in America and in England is a general recognition of this ideal. A judge on the English Bench is invariably applauded when he sets justice above personal considerations. If a friend of a judge offends against the laws of the country, and the judge sentences his friend to a term of imprisonment, no reasonable being complains. But if you happen to have dined with an author and you cannot find it in your heart to praise his new novel, you will speedily be told that you are a hooligan and a traitor. In itself such a difficulty is nothing; but in the large result it is an aggregation of these small and more or less personal difficulties which swamp criticism and make a laughing-stock of letters. Mr. Pollard is all for a fair field and no favour, whether it be for authors or publishers. He has taken his life in his hands, as it were, and he has put into type a great deal that nobody in America, at any rate, has as yet had the temerity and the public spirit to say. We commend "Their Day in Court" to our readers, not because it is a particularly heartening volume, but because it appears to us to be a contribution towards a general discovery and cleansing of the dark places of literature and journalism.

Dreams Dead Earnest and Half Jest. By COULSON KERNAHAN. (Jarrold, 6s.)

THE position of Mr. Coulson Kernahan in regard to the journalism of the day is pretty much the position of the man who is "with us but not of us." We say journalism advisedly, because somehow Mr. Kernahan never strikes one in the figure of an author who is concerned with literature. Neither does he appear to be concerned with the graver affairs of the intellect, but rather with the ever-shifting, middling, popular thought of the moment, the stating and recording of which is, of course, largely the business of journalism. One never knows where Mr. Kernahan will burst forth. His name is a household word where the name of the Rev. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll is a household word. He is the author of "God and the Ant," a work which doubtless has the approval and blessing of Nicoll and the approval and blessing of the Free Churches. "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil" is another of Mr. Kernahan's masterpieces, and the list of his achievements includes "The Dumpling," "Captain Shannon," "Scoundrels and Co.," and "An Author in the Territorial," which latter performances have probably not touched the Rev. Nicoll and the Free Churches in quite the softest portions of their hearts. Mr. Kernahan would further seem to have obtained for himself a certain amount of publicity by devoting some of his minor talents to the exploitation of some of the minor virtues of the late Mr. Swinburne. So that on the whole he presents himself to us as a most agile and adaptable journalist with the agile adaptable journalist's vices admirably developed, and the agile adaptable journalist's better qualities developed to equal admiration. Yet withal, when one surveys him in the lump, there is a soul of goodness in him, and it is to this fact that he owes the amazing popularity which his publishers and fugle-men have never been slow to advertise. From our point of view, the real excellence of Mr. Kernahan lies in the peculiarity of his circumstances. We believe that his public is nothing if not Nonconformist. It is a public composed of persons who read the *British Weekly* and of persons who think with the late Mr. Spurgeon, qualified by the Rev. R. J. Campbell. And this public is precisely the public upon whom serious thought on serious matters is more or less wasted. It is a public which is happily engrossed with its own mild conceits; a public which skips about in the sun proclaiming the beauty of wild flowers, the loveliness of the brotherhood of man, the wickedness of our great cities, and the futility of literature and art for literature and art's sake. It is a very large public, a very comfortable public, and, on the whole, quite as dangerous as the mob public, which has of late been at the root of England's troubles. Now the excellence of Mr. Kernahan is, that while in the main he is heart and soul with the middling, Nicollite, Spurgeonite, Campbellite, semi-Socialist public, and pipes to them so prettily and with such acceptance, he still remains an author of some independence and hardness of mind, and from time to time manages to get in on the lambs of this world certain tidings of the wolf and the tiger, and certain unpleasant truths which the happy and the lamb-like believe themselves to have abolished. In the volume before us, called for apparently no reason at all "Dreams Dead Earnest and Half Jest," Mr. Kernahan skilfully commingles wreaths for the lambs with alarming news about the wolf. The tone of the man is sounded for us almost on the first page of the book, as witness the appended inscription.

DEDICATED

IN HONOUR, AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE

TO THE MEMORY OF

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE,

WHOSE DELIGHT IN FLOWERS,

ESPECIALLY WILD FLOWERS,

WILL BE REMEMBERED BY ALL WHO

KNEW AND LOVED HIM.

This is Kernahan all over—"honour, affection and gratitude to the memory of Algernon Charles Swinburne," not as poet and a person of genius, but as one "whose delight in flowers, especially wild flowers, will be remembered by all who knew and loved him." Really nothing could be sillier. Yet the love of flowers, especially wild flowers, ranks among the noblest virtues of your Nicolls and your Dr. Parkers and your R. J. Campbells and their followings, and Mr. Kernahan knows his public. Naturally, after firing off such a syrupy indication of his abounding passion for the tender beauties of nature, Mr. Kernahan proceeds to an essay in which he solemnly asseverates that a belief "in the wild flower and the dawn" is as important to himself and mankind as a belief in the Thirty-nine Articles. Truth to tell, he says what he has to say in a pleasing manner, and with the "gush" kept fairly to heel. Then with a leap and a whiroo he rushes to the discussion of "The Impossible Irishman," and explains to us "how the Aberdeen terrier got his long back," and gives us further moving sentiment about dogs in twenty pages or more, headed up "My Aberdeen Terrier"—for, of course,

Mr. Kernahan loves dogs as well as wild flowers and dawns, and does not care a hang who knows it. All this belongs to Kernahan the romantic, eminently intimate, Nonconformist journalist. But in time we strike the Kernahan who has some important truth to say about an important matter. "Little Englander and Jingoite: A Note on National Defence addressed chiefly to Nonconformists"; herein, it seems to us, Mr. Kernahan's readers will find the substance which is really pertinent and unpleasant for them. A Baptist going a-soldiering is probably unthinkable among the Baptists. Mr. Kernahan has gone a-soldiering in the King's Territorial Forces, and he writes for Baptists in a strain which ought to do them good. Nonconformity, like the late King Edward, is all for peace. It perceives that peace is a blessing to comfortable religious men, and it perceives that war is the greatest of mundane evils and the most shaking of Baptist terrors. Quite naturally and properly it has always demanded Peace at the top of its voice. For our own part we shall not deny that in the main we are with the Baptist thus far, and so is Mr. Kernahan. But the Baptist has gone further; he has persuaded himself that because he desires peace from the depths of his being, peace will of necessity prevail, and war is an outworn, remote and impossible affair. The brotherhood of man is for him an established fact, and, provided only that England will lead the way, the swords of the world are to be turned into ploughshares forthwith. Hence it comes to pass that the Baptist and Nonconformist suffrages are cast in favour of the reduction of armaments and defences and a disposition to turn the other diplomatic cheek. Mr. Asquith is at Westminster on the Nonconformist vote, though he remains there and has force there on the Irish vote. And we have seen what we have seen in consequence, and until the other day we were waiting to see a good deal more. Death and fate have intervened. Yet we all know that it would be foolish of us to suppose that the much-vaunted "truce of God" has changed the Nonconformist heart or the Nonconformist mind. Mr. Kernahan's note is intended to bring about a wholesome metamorphosis. We hope it will be successful, though we have our doubts. At the same time, Mr. Kernahan may conceivably help his Nonconformist readers to a little furious thought, just as Mr. Blatchford has lately helped the Socialists to furious thought. We shall commend Mr. Kernahan's arguments to the Nonconformist pulpits of the country, and in so doing we render both to Mr. Kernahan himself and his publishers the service which they most desire. We may also be rendering a service to Nonconformity.

A NEW OMAR

"The door of Certainty we can't unlock,
But we can knock and guess and guess and knock:
Night quickly carries us upon its Sail,
Ship-like, but where, O Night-ship, is thy dock?

"Life's mystic curtain, held by Destiny,
Its darkest shadow now casts over me;
It rises—and behold, I act my part;
It falls—and who knows what and where I'll be?"

THESE lines are not an indifferent rendering of some of the numerous Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám left untranslated by FitzGerald, but from the "Quatrains of Abu'l-Ala," recently turned into English by Ameen F. Rihani, and published by Doubleday, Page and Co., New York. Abu'l-Ala was a philosopher-poet of Arabia, who died about the time of Omar's birth, and seems to have anticipated him, not only in his ideas on death and life, happiness and fate, but in the peculiar temperamental attitude he took up towards these questions, in defiance of orthodox opinion. Rihani's translation of Abu'l-Ala is a poor thing compared with what we have come to designate familiarly as "FitzOmar"; but students of both Persian and Arabic can alone tell us which is the superior poet. At any rate, the Arab's quatrains seem often to be a literal suggestion of stanzas that are now quoted daily:—

"Tread lightly, for a thousand hearts unseen
Might now be beating in this misty green;
Here are the herbs that once were pretty cheeks,
Here the remains of those that once have been."

Two matchless Rubáiyát might have had their inspiration hence, of which one only need be cited:—

"And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen?"

There are 126 quatrains in the English Abu'l-Ala, and few of them sound unfamiliar to the lover of FitzOmar. But the translator rightly declines to consider Omar in the light of a plagiarist. FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám, an interpretation of such unique power and charm that we rank it instinctively among the great English poems rather than among mere translations, cast a spell upon its age, partly through its sheer beauty, partly because it voiced thoughts that were surging in the minds of many. But though the ideas it expressed were modern, they were by no means new. It would be truer to say that they were the commonplaces of all ages of thought. There were Omarian ideas in all periods of Greek and Latin poetry; moderns who had never read Omar have uttered in deathless verse thoughts that are in substance identical with the most characteristic sayings in the Rubáiyát. To put it shortly and in general terms, his verdict is that, so far as we have any means of knowing, the life of man is summed up here; therefore, let us make the best of this world. Ever since we have records of human thought, great minds have come to the same conclusion. What deductions they have made from it, and how they have applied the idea to life, has been largely a question of temperament. The flippant Anacreon is like Omar in his more frivolous moods:—

"All my care is for to-day;
What's to-morrow who can say?
Come then, let us drink and dice,
And to Bacchus sacrifice,
Ere death come and take us off,
Crying, Hold! th' hast drunk enough.

"Give me wine;
That my soul ere I resign
May this cure of sorrow have;
There's no drinking in the grave."

These verses are from Thomas Stanley's translation. Pindar speaks more nobly:—"Let a man remember that his raiment is worn on mortal limbs, and that the earth shall be his vesture at the last." Omar Khayyám's utterances range between these two extremes.

The late Sir Richard Jebb told us, in summarising the spirit of Greek poetry, "The true Greek seldom forgot that life is short, and that a mortal must think mortal thoughts." Another Homeric critic said that the moral of the Iliad was subsumed in the idea that heaven and hell are with us in this our earthly life. What does Omar say?

"I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by-and-by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd, 'I myself am Heaven and Hell.'"

Abu'l-Ala had already observed, "Our hells we make and unmake as we live." In the dramatists the idea bears fruit abundantly; in Sophocles it is material for austere, ennobling philosophy; while in Mimnermus it inspires nothing but melodious wailing. Beautiful is the lament of Moschus for the brevity of life:—"Ah, me! when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long, and endless, and unawakening sleep." But no one

has put this into more moving verse than Catullus, in his famous "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus":—

> "Soles occidere et redire possunt:
> Nobis, cum semel occidit breuis lux,
> Nox est perpetua una dormienda."

Horace is of the same mind.

> "Damna tamen celeres reparant celestia lunae;
> Nos, ubi decidimus,
> Quo pater Aeneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
> Pulvis et umbra sumus."

Virgil was but echoing Lucretius when he said how happy is the man who has put away the fear of fate and hell:

> "Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
> Atque metus omnis, et inexorabile fatum
> Subjecit pedibus strepitumque Acherontis avari!"

In Lucretius, indeed, the inspired poet of the Epicurean philosophy, we come across doctrines continually that seem to reappear in Omar, whose theology recognised no deity but one who dwelt far away, and was utterly careless of mortality. Tennyson interpreted this melancholy religion, once in Homeric lines, in the "Lotus-Eaters," and once with sad, Virgilian music, in his "Lucretius":

> "For they lie beside their nectar, and their bolts are hurled
> Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
> Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world."

> "The Gods who haunt
> The lucid interspace of world and wold,
> Where never creeps a cloud, nor moves a wind,
> Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
> Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
> Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
> Their sacred, everlasting calm! and such,
> Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
> Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain
> Letting his own life go."

"He remains," says Omar,

> "A moment guessed—then back behind the Fold
> Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
> Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
> He doth himself contrive, enact, behold."

One of Omar's translators, Mr. Whinfield, denies that the parallel with Lucretius has any existence. Nothing, truly, could be more antagonistic than the temper and the ethical teaching of the two poets; but in the philosophical tenets of the two (the word is almost too strong for the elusive theories of Omar, which changed as often as his moods), there are obvious correspondences, and it is difficult to believe that these were purely accidental. One need not suppose that either Abu'l-Ala or Omar Khayyám had read Lucretius or studied the doctrines of Epicurus at first hand. But cultured Arabs or Persians of the time of Avicenna and later must have been well acquainted with the leading dogmas of most of the ancient philosophies; and Mr. Whinfield himself quotes, through M. Woepke, from Shahrastáni's "Taríkh ul Hukama"—no friend to Omar—the following pregnant words: "Omar al Khayyám, Imám of Khorássan, and the greatest scholar of his time, was versed in all the learning of the Greeks. . . . He also used to recommend the study of Politics as laid down in Greek authors." Abu'l-Ala was as eminent a mathematician as Omar was great in astronomy; both men were among the finest scholars of a cultivated epoch, and it is not too much to suppose that both were familiar with the best thoughts of the best men who had gone before them. Omar was not original, in the sense that his ideas were something absolutely new and self-made; like the majority of great poets, he took the best thoughts of his own time and the past, made them his own, and cast them into imperishable forms. He secured the truest immortality, inasmuch as the present age, which prides itself on its modernity, fancies that it sees in his poetry some miraculous anticipation of its own latest ideas.

Omar's opinions oscillated from school to school, but we may describe his philosophy—so far as he had anything so definite and stable as a philosophy—as Epicureanism, saturated with Christian ethics and coloured by Sufic mysticism. Some such a philosophy has been a motive force to generations of poets, from long before Omar, and probably will be till long after to-day. His mysticism was an accidental feature, due to his Mohammedan environment, and must not be regarded as an integral part of him. It is easy enough to get at his meaning without subscribing either to the theory that his commendations of drunkenness are to be taken literally, or that Wine, Love, Beauty, the Tavern, mean, according to some abstruse system of Sufic terminology, such spiritual things as God, Prayer, Religious Ecstacy. Omar was a poet and there is a transcendental meaning in the phrases of poetry—that is, they are symbols, but not allegory, for nothing is less poetical than the precise correspondences of allegory. Wine and Beauty stand for all the pleasures that man's body and soul can attain in this world; pleasures high and low; intellectual, sensuous, and æsthetic pleasures. When Milton speaks regretfully of joys renounced by him who follows the ascetic trade of poet—

> "Were it not better done as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?"—

knowing the nun-like character of his youth, we should be unwise to see here a vain and amatorious hankering after sensual delights, and foolish to demand an allegorical interpretation. The poet speaks by means of symbols, symbols that may mean much or little, and what they mean to each reader depends on the scope of that reader's imagination. The Mohammedan theology, accordingly, and the Sufic mysticism, are but accidental features obscuring the universal meaning of Omar's ideas. And the playful and facetious manner in which he expresses himself does not disguise the fundamental seriousness of his outlook. FitzGerald, by selection among the quatrains, and by accentuation of the pessimism and gloom, gave us a somewhat unfair version of the original Omar, whose sportive fancy, as displayed in the full breadth of the Rubáiyát, has bewildered some admirers into thinking that all his utterances must be taken with a grain of salt. Shirazi, his latest biographer, has shown that Omar was not in reality the unrepentant debauchee that he depicts himself. This continuous dissipation is largely a pretence, for it would have been impossible for a man of his station and venerable repute to lead the life described in the Rubáiyát, having regard to the manners of his time and country. Omar, in all probability, like many other great minds, was most serious when he appeared most playful. He faced the enigma of life and death with true earnestness and serene fortitude, saying simply, we know nothing about past or future, let us make the best of the present. Through good and ill he remained the "Captain of his Soul."

Recognising this, we can trace his affinity to many, if not most, of the great poets, both those who came before and those who came after, but knew him not. The Omarian ideas recur perpetually, although the differences of personality, of temperamental attitude towards these ideas, cloaks the similitude. It would be a fruitful task to search them out in Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans. Even imperial Cæsar's clay was a commonplace to Omar, as several exquisite quatrains remind us, and to Abu'l-Ala as well, who wrote:—

> "But even Sultans will to clay return
> And, chancing, serve us as a coffee urn;
> Perchance remoulded to a pot, and then
> Drinks from it whoso wishes in his turn."

But to come nearer our own time, Voltaire's "Il faut cultiver notre jardin," was a conclusion of the Omarian stamp; and so was the substance of Goethe's teaching. "Art still has truth, take refuge there." Keats attained to no farther prospect in his short life than "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty; that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." Not so very different from what

Omar sang, in one of the quatrains turned into French by M. Nicolas, and versified by a friend of mine:—

"I have drunk deep of Joy that Beauty gave,
And deep of Song, Wine, Passion; and I crave
That all my powers, in every part of me,
May live, till Death consign me to the Grave."

There are Omarian ideas in both Shelley and Savage Landor, in spite of the sheer contrariety of their natures and the different ways in which they envisaged the problems of existence. Byron expressed his feelings mostly in a cynical style:—

"But I, being fond of true philosophy,
Say very often to myself, 'Alas!
All things that have been born were born to die,
And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is grass;
You've passed your youth not so unpleasantly,
And if you had it o'er again—'twould pass—
So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
And read your Bible, Sir, and mind your purse.'"

Somewhere else he says:

"For me, I know nought; nothing I deny,
Admit, reject, contemn; and what know *you*
Except, perhaps, that you were born to die?
And both may, after all, turn out untrue."

Almost a literal transcription of one of Omar's stanzas, which Byron, of course, had never heard of. But there is something of the Omarian—or FitzOmarian—splendour in the following:

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge,
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves."

With Rossetti a new strain comes in, a strain of passion and romanticism, but the burden is the same:

"I say: Alas! our fruit hath wooed the sun
Too long—'tis fallen and floats adown the stream.
Lo, the last clusters! Pluck them every one,
And let us sup with summer ere the gleam
Of autumn set the year's pent sorrow free,
And the woods wail like echoes from the sea.

O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?"

The last quotation shall be from William Morris, the "Earthly Paradise":

"Ah, what begetteth all this storm of bliss
But Death himself, who, crying solemnly,
E'en from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,
Bids us 'Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye die,
Within a little time must ye go by.
Stretch forth your open hands, and while ye live
Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give.'"

It would be tempting to pursue the quest down to the living, who have read Omar. Maeterlinck, for instance, is full of Omarian deliverances. But the men of northern race have been impressed differently by ideas of this order, and the outcome has been a sterner and more wholesome philosophy. Despair of a future has begotten a faith in humanity more strenuous, a gospel of self-abnegation and the supremacy of right, purer and more disinterested than any hallowed by a creed. For the root ideas of Omarian poetry, the brevity of man's career, his inevitable ignorance of his destiny, and his impotence to affect it; ideas that make one sad and patient, and fill another with wrath and rebellion; that charge the Epicurean cosmogony, as Lucretius developed it, with the gloomy spirit of endurance inculcated by the Stoics, but liberate Omar from all care, and leave him free to enjoy the present with complete abandonment—these ideas are most searching tests of character. It depends on the deepest elements of personality whether the result will be a noble and inspiriting philosophy of life, or something tending to the ultimate decay of reason and imagination.

E. A. B.

CARLYLE AND BURNS

On December 4, 1795, a constellation that was to be great and notable arose in the literary firmament of Scotland. Another that was to throw greater lustre over Caledonia was as yet climbing obscurely to the meridian; while a third, its generous glory shed, was sinking amidst darkening clouds low in the western sky. It was possible for Scott to have known both Carlyle and Burns, and all three to have benefited from the acquaintance, but the nature and circumstances of each opposed the opportunity. Carlyle was but seven and a half months old when Burns died; yet the inference might be drawn from his eulogiums of the poet that they had been life-long friends. Between the two men there was a real and elemental bond of sympathy. Carlyle saw in the career of Burns many points of similarity with his own; the neglect that was fraught with so much tragedy in the case of the poet was, alas! become his own unhappy heritage. The child of genius, always lightly clad, must meet on equal terms with his lusty brother the biting blast. To both the world was material and indifferent; it offered no preferential sanctuary to poets and philosophers beyond what they had the strength to win. Burns withal was repressed by poverty and compelled to ride his Pegasus over the common ditches of his parish. The morning sun was yet casting around him its anterior beams, when wearied and dispirited he lay down to die. Such a pathetic picture before the magnanimous vision of Carlyle created no wish to trace out the number of the rider's stumblings, the *hiati* in his valiant course. Enough that his heart had been broken, and his life-blood spilt upon the ungrateful ground. Carlyle saw the picture to be a direful tragedy—a tragedy that when first it came home to him must have been almost incredible. Was not the most precious thing to the world a man of genius, one who came with his clear shafts of light to dispel the murky darkness a little? Carlyle at first could not understand the world's attitude to its great men, and when he did understand it his indignation knew no bounds. In the tragedy of the Scottish poet's life Carlyle too plainly saw the price to be paid for the preservation of his own literary ideals. Would he pay it, or would he study genuflexions, adroit asides, become Mr. Facing-both-ways, and preserve his eupeptic amenities to a ripe old age? Carlyle was not of a temper to hesitate in such a situation. A brute world that had impaled Burns upon its horns was worthy of something other than genuflexions, as he would tell it if he lived! In that circumstance doubtless lies the first key to Carlyle's sympathy with Burns. Nevertheless, there are other keys. Both sprang from the farming class of adjoining Scottish counties, and Carlyle might well have heard in the manly rustic syllables of Burns echoes of his own. The sage of Chelsea might himself have written:—

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Carlyle lays stress on the greatness of Burns for the opportunities he had, and fain would believe that in kinder circumstances he would have outdistanced all poets. Burns's poverty, deplore it how we will, was the means of preserving the rusticity of his muse. One cannot contemplate him writing his poems in the language of his later prose. Perhaps when Nature chained him to his native rock and exposed him Prometheus-like to the full

sweep of its rude winds, she knew where her Æolian harp could be most tuneful and beautiful.

One may again imagine Burns in the rôle of Carlyle on occasion. But he was not made of the Carlylean philosophic stuff. His nature was too impulsive, too ardent to be capable of pure and sustained intellectual expression. His mind was accessible more to intuition than to logic. If the facets he showed us of his diamond were abnormally large, they predicted posterior limitations. He was a poet fundamentally, and could no more have been trained into a philosopher than Carlyle could have become a lyric poet. It is beautiful where Burns relates the story of Cupid's first arrow finding a lodgment in his heart. In its flight it also opened the door of his romantic imagination, dropping within the fertile pollen of another world hitherto unsuspected and unknown. The thoughts and fancies which sprang into being were delicious and pure in those young days, disposing only to the most courteous and chivalrous behaviour. Not till a much later date was there any reason to suspect from the slightly faded lustre that the alloy had crept in. The deportment of the high-spirited peasant boy animated by the most gallant sentiments to his fair comrade of the harvest rig is pleasing to picture. She, a bright rosy sunburnt lassie with her unconscious prettiness of movement, filled his heart with he knew not what. This was to him the fairest, divinest object his senses had yet discovered, and every circumstance of the newly found joy bent him in generous yet respectful worship before his divinity. The busy shaft of Cupid found Carlyle's heart also, but not at so early an age. Like Burns, his eye sought the beautiful in every realm of Nature, and when Blumine appeared on the outskirts of Æsthetic Tea his imagination set sail on its initial idyllic voyage—though the course lay but to a mirage on the horizon. Responsive as Carlyle was to every influence ennobling and beautiful, his mind was too well disciplined to allow romance long to usurp the throne of reason. Burns gave himself up unconditionally to the seductive delights of the new world; Carlyle whipped himself out of them as soon as he could. Burns became a dreamer, an imaginative idealist, and, alas! an impractical farmer; Carlyle developed into a seer, an intellectual idealist, a shrewd common-sense man of affairs. Burns produced evolutions of the rapturous visions he saw that memorable day on the cornfield. Carlyle, with his accretive mind, expanded his vision till it melted into the adjacent areas, and, continuing the motion, he was able finally to read through his own experience the joys and sorrows of the ages.

Carlyle would have made his mark in any sphere of life. He had a capacity for taking pains, and what he wrote down was invariably the result of the most scrupulous inquiry and research. Perhaps no writer was ever so indefatigable over the verification of facts as Carlyle, and this trait in his character will ever remain as a mark of his extraordinary loyalty to exactitude. With his iron will and sound common-sense, he would have gathered his bread on the wheat-fields of America before he would have admitted literary failure. Burns seems to have thought at all times lightly of material prosperity, and his happiest moments were lived under the spell of fancy. In other words, he paid for his lyrics with his life. Carlyle's heart was as tender as Burns's, but it was not so humanly and readily responsive. It was too muscular to break easily, but it bled freely and frequently for the sorrows and injustices of the world. His frantic desire to end some mischief that grated on his soul with impractical or indecipherable panaceas of urgent recommendation dissipated his energies. His work was in the main moral and prophetic; he indignantly pointed out the sores of our boasted civilisation, but to him, as to us who see them less clearly, the whole subject was a baffling sphinx-riddle. Perhaps as the unwearied shuttle gives growing length to the web, the pattern may free itself from its blemishes, and in time become purer and more beautiful.

It is interesting, again, to note the different feelings that animated the two men in their treatment of Nature. When Burns looked at the furrowed fields and birken shaws it was with an eye to their reflection upon humanity. The furrowed field was beautiful because it was associated in his mind with trysts too memorable ever to be forgotten; the birch was not the Naiad of the Vale, as MacWhirter would view it, but Mary's graceful and fragrant harbourage. Carlyle, on the other hand, discovered in the green fields with their peaceable cattle a restfulness that had no reference to humanity at all—if we exclude the spectator. He forgot, in the refreshing sight, the rude distractions of the world's anvils; yet it was not till he was a pious pilgrim in Ecclefechan Churchyard, and in the stillness of the rural air looked down on the long grass which hid from him all that remained of his loved ones, that Nature and he rushed into one. The cawing of the Hoddom rooks, and the clear singing of the blackbirds in the adjoining wood, mingled then with the human melodies of his great heart. It may be easy to point the limitations of both men. Nothing is, perhaps, easier than ready criticism. No Scotsman with an understanding and generous heart will think of Robert Burns without grief—silent, maybe, but real—that so sweet a singer should have been enclosed in so dark a cage, should have sunk at last, despite his glad periods of song, when the sunlight glinted through the rifts, starved and desolate into the despair of death. Nothing left of him but the memory of his song! but it will not die. Deep down in the far-off centuries to come you will yet hear it welling up sweet and rhythmic as you hear it to-day. To Carlyle the heart will turn with feelings, not of grief, but gladness —gladness that such a man has existed in the world, has employed his genius in pursuits so worthy, has lived a life so lofty and so noble in its aim and result, so true to its native character, so eminent in its incitement to and encouragement of virtue; and by it all enrolling himself for ever amongst the great and illustrious of his race.

T. W. W.

A THEORY OF ECONOMY

The canon of my early moral training that I remember best is that while any fool can tell a lie it takes a man to tell the truth judiciously. In more advanced years I have come to admit the principle herein contained to other matters, and have laid it down that while any fool can save money not one in fifty knows how to spend it with true economy. This is the keynote of my financial policy. If the ordinary man would become truly economical his first task must be to throw overboard a quantity of false theory and a number of erroneous conceptions. In the first place he must learn that no extravagance is less justifiable than the accumulation of money. When a poor man spends a hundred pounds on a painting one foot square we condemn him as extravagant. When he locks up the same at his bank or in his cash-box we praise him for thrift. We should have learned better from Mr. Wemmick years ago. The piece of portable property has not the disadvantage of money, and the possessor gains some pleasure from looking at it and deep satisfaction from the impression it (or the artist's name) makes on his friends. On the principle that a poor man cannot afford to look poor it may even under the right conditions be a wise purchase; but the money in bank or box is neither use nor pleasure to the owner. I am not contending that the purchase of costly paintings by a poor man is, as a rule, judicious expenditure, but, as I have shown, it is better than "saving up." If, then, to spend money injudiciously is better than not to spend it at all, we may set down as

Rule 1.—However you may spend money you will not be so extravagant as if you keep it.

Even the temporary retention of money is inimical to economy, as the latter consists in securing the maximum of benefit from the funds available, and thus is inconsistent with allowing any portion thereof to lie idly by for however short a time. There are men who save money

throughout their young days in order to enjoy the spending of it afterwards, and great credit they claim for the performance, although they know not economy from their cradles to their graves. Any fool can save money, as I said at first, but that is not economy; nor can such men claim to be economical when engaged in spending their accumulated funds. Where, then, does their economy come in? Apart from the money question, too, we must consider the false ideas as to economy of life betrayed by these people. A man of this class fixes his desires upon something he cannot obtain without considerable effort, which in itself is a defiance of the ancient philosophy that teaches us to reduce the number of our wants. Then he either fails to gain his heart's desire, and longs and strives for it to the day of his death, or he gets it and, the pleasure of attainment being past, finds that he no longer wants it. His success is one degree more pitiable than his failure. There is no enjoyment in life on these lines. To really enjoy your life you must do just what you want to do just when you want to do it. From this we may deduce

Rule 2.—Any ambition or set purpose is fatal to true economy of life.

The consideration of the false theory which leads men to save and then spend has led me to this point in economy of life, but I have not yet finished with economy of money. We have seen that by the true economist it must be readily spent. Now we must seek the distinction between judicious spending and extravagance. There are men whose economical fits always run into a lot of money somehow. I am convinced that this is due to the lack of a code of rules. If economy be attempted without forethought the saving of a little money at the cost of much is the almost inevitable result, but recruits may need a word of warning against the expenditure of great mental effort on unimportant retrenchments. It is obvious that much scheming to save a penny is waste of time and labour, in addition to being productive of sordid habits of thought, and generally demoralising; but there is a kindred fact very likely to escape attention. Money devoted to necessary relaxation cannot be spent with advantage if the mind be too much occupied over the spending process. The relaxation sought is never gained; the *abandon* that gives to pleasure its true recreative value is wanting, and the study of economy results in absolute waste. "How then," it will be asked, "shall we strike the happy medium between the cares of the parsimonious and the recklessness of the extravagant?" A mistake very commonly made by those who would answer this question is to disregard the value of competition. But for the future of commercial enterprise the ordinary man, who cannot be an expert judge of half the things he buys, would be constantly swindled or overcharged. We all benefit from it, few realise how constantly it serves them. Once grasp the value to the public of the competition that compels a tradesman to give you value for your money, whether you be aware of it or not, and you will have no hesitation in putting all your trust in it. Of course, some things, while valuable to those who have a use for them, are quite valueless to others; but men never want things they cannot use, and surely do not purchase things they do not want. We have now ascertained that it is advisable to spend money as soon as convenient after its receipt, and that when we purchase the things we want competition secures us full value for our money, without mental exertion on our part; hence we arrive at the last of three golden rules:

In the purchase of what one wants as soon as one has the money to pay for it genuine economy is unavoidable.

It would be pertinent to inquire why, this being so, a treatise on the subject should be considered necessary, merely to overthrow false notions which are widely prevalent and work a double evil. Not only do misconceptions on this subject act directly by leading a man to do, in the name of economy, what is not really economical, but they encourage him in what even the popular verdict would term extravagance. No man is more self-righteous than he who thinks he has practised a little economy, and none is more ready to grant himself a reward. I know a man who saved a few pence by walking to his office, and had a bottle of Burgundy at lunch "on the strength of it." Here you see the double action. Had he known what was truly economical he would have ridden to the office (for no man really wants to exert himself) and drunk a pint of stout with his lunch. He did not really want that Burgundy; I know he drinks stout as a rule. W. E.

THINGS

"It would be a pity to destroy it," so runs the formula. How often has one heard the words in a gentle, thoughtful voice, "It might be useful some day. I think I'll put it by"? I am inclined to believe that the trouble begins in the nursery. We are taken at a disadvantage before our reasoning faculties have reached their full development. "Waste not, want not," we are told, and at that impressionable age we believe it. This admonition is often backed up—I know it was in my case—by a horrid little rhyme which has, perhaps, done more than statesmen think to cause strained relations between ourselves and another friendly Power:—

The German children take pleasure in making
What the children of England take pleasure in breaking.

Of course, one despised the smug ideals of the German child, but I am inclined to think that the lesson sank in. It was always a prime misdemeanour to destroy, and a wicked child could be denounced by no more terrible epithet than "destructive." I remember well being severely chidden by an aunt for tearing up a photograph which she admitted to be in itself perfectly valueless, and which, moreover, was my own private property, because of the beautiful card on which it was mounted. It was ever thus. Things in general were sacred; there was nothing so vile but it must be perpetuated. Now quite apart from the æsthetic and invigorating pleasure of breaking things, which I am glad to feel that I have not yet lost, and which I hold to be one of the purest joys of childhood, this hoarding, preserving attitude towards goods and chattels leads in the case of most men, and nearly all women, to the most intolerable results. I would ask the reader to cast his eyes round the room where he is sitting, and count upon his fingers—if his fingers should suffice—the number of things he sees which are palpably useless and can by no stretch of the imagination be called ornamental, pleasing, or of the remotest interest. I think he will be surprised at the length of the list. Where in the world did those musty little china vases come from? Is anything gained by retaining that photograph of a locomotive? Will anyone ever again read any of the books on that top shelf? How much torn, dishevelled music is there in that cabinet? If he will then multiply his total by the number of rooms in the house, and the result by the number of houses in the street, he will begin to have a faint idea of the extent of the plague of barren possessions that is like to overwhelm us. But only a faint idea, for it is but a small part of the accumulation that is ever visible to the observer's eye. If these have, so to speak, risen to the surface, what of the hidden depths beneath? What of the drawers, cupboards, presses, holes and corners? What of the recess beneath the stairs, the attic, the box-room above the stable? It is probable that in his own house, unknown to himself, there are literally cubic yards of maimed and useless goods—letters, photographs, papers, pictures without frames, frames without pictures, broken clocks, bicycle-lamps, I know not what, which owe their preservation to the pathetic belief that they "may be useful some day." They will not. None of them ever are. In the altogether improbable event of a vocation being found for one of them, you may be certain that that one cannot be found at the moment when it is wanted to fill it.

One may live long, as on an extinct volcano, without

suffering from this barnacle-growth of useless lumber, but a day of reckoning is pretty sure to come. You are to move into a new house, and you are staggered by the portentous agglomeration in the hour when every forgotten cupboard disgorges its contents into the light of day. Even then it is probable that you have not the courage sternly to destroy. It is too late; the problem has got beyond your grasp. And in the end there are days of racking labour in store for your executors when at last the accumulations of your life are completed and summed up. Even those rare and fortunate souls who have kept themselves free of the burden of things that have had their day of usefulness and lapsed into the background—even those who harbour no chairs with three legs, no catalogues of yester-year, no tongs that will not meet—are all too apt to fall victim to another and more insidious class of possessions, equally indefensible. These are they that should never at the beginning have been allowed into the house. They grow upon one imperceptibly year by year, take up their place, establish their false claim by use and wont, and so remain on sufferance. I take it that, broadly speaking, every room has too much furniture, every wall too many pictures, every shelf too many ornaments. One knows of drawing-rooms where, if one would open the piano, it is necessary to transport a multitude of meaningless trinkets, and it is hardly possible to find an unoccupied space save on the floor to receive them. One knows of numberless book-shelves sorely in need of weeding out, above all of overcrowded wardrobes filled with unused clothes. If one once takes up the gauge of battle, determined to keep down the number not of one's possessions, but rather of one's encumbrances, and to cling to that sense of freedom which may be ours if we possess only what we need, one must be prepared to enter upon a long campaign without a truce. For the multiplication of chattels is always going on. One has only to read a Christmas catalogue to see dozens of new articles spring into being to satisfy wants that have never yet been felt. There are many difficulties—the faculty of attaching associations to what would be otherwise condemned; the burning problem of presents. Of the former I can only say that, while I have a fit affection for heirlooms, and treasure many things in memory of their former owners, I think the tendency can be carried too far. There are some who would cling to a broken toasting-fork that had belonged to a relative now departed with whom they had hardly been on speaking terms. The sacredness of presents also is a noble sentiment—up to a point. But there are times in this great conflict when no quarter can be given.

There is a glorious chapter in one of Mr. Wells's books in which at the dawn of a new age the people rise to demolish. No one but must feel uplifted and refreshed after reading of that "Night of Bonfires," and picturing to himself the grand untrammelled world that remained when it was over. For the only remedy is destruction, fearless and systematic. First to establish a rigorous censorship of one's belongings, to face them one by one and make them, so to speak, stand and deliver—establish their right to existence; and if they fail, to pass sentence on them without fear or favour. The problem is too insistent for half measures, even the most plausible of half measures—such as jumble-sales. It is not enough to hand on the discarded and condemned. They must be stamped out. And thus it is that I have established an annual Day of Destruction, a sort of household festival of sacrifice. It is then that with an unbending heart I pass in review the contents of the house from roof to cellar. It is then that the rejected chattels of every sort and condition are borne forth joyously in baskets. Every member of the household brings his or her contribution to the heap. Gladly we pile them up, separating the combustible from the incombustible. For the latter beneath the shelter of the wood a decent grave is dug, and they are laid to rest. And the former—and this is the final and most impressive rite—are heaped high and set ablaze. It is no gay and laughing festival, for most of them have "seen better days," and truth to tell the pitiable little company makes an appeal not without pathos to the bystanders, as they waste before the licking flames. But there is laughter and gaiety when it is over, and we return with empty baskets to a house that is purged and set in order. We are free yet again from the locust-plague of the superfluous. Our possessions are in harmony with our needs.

B. S.

HORACE: HIS TEXT

The usual optimism regarding the text of Horace is as naïve as it is unsound. A few of the prettiest various readings will show this. And, in choosing representative variants, I shall try to steer an even keel between the Verrallism of a Bentley or of a Peerlkamp and the conservatism of a Wickham. Thus, Ode I., i. 35, 17, has *sæva necessitas* in most printed copies, but *serva* is better attested; and Necessity as Fortune's "apparitor" is a picturesque conception. Absolutely perfect is the elder Heinsius' "amictus [for vulgar *amicus*] Aulon fertili baccho." The Epistles (I., xvi., 3) practically prove this. Book ii. gives us also Horkel's *unco* (for *uno*) in viii. (vs. 3), when I have no doubt *inquam Venus* should be *nequam Venus* (verse 13).

Professor A. E. Housman has shown how the *codices deteriores* are valuable. Add to these the authority of Muretus and Bentley, and read "nado *cohibente* crinem" (iii., xv., 22). Very droll is the "puellis" (for *duellis*) of Frank and the Germans! (iii. xxvi. 1).

The Rev. Mr. Tucker, one of the latest Horatian translators, does not like the Fourth Book of the Odes. The fourth of the Fourth discusses the axe of the Amazons, *à propos de bottes* apparently, like the "Also he taught them the use of the bow," prefacing the lament for Jonathan. The seventh of this Book again bears up Housman's contention, with the variant "herebis (herebit)," the reading of a codex. The received "heredis" may easily be due to over-acquaintance with the *hæredipetæ* of our author. In xi., 5, Peerlkamp rightly suspects *multa*, applied to *hederæ vis*; place the comma after *vis*, and the sense is more tolerable: "hair-trimmed wherewith, right brilliant art to view." Still less good is the Latinity of the Epodes, on occasion. For the weak *si potes* (vi., 3), I propose *impotens*. *Luxere* seems preferable to the Blandinian reading *unxere* (xvii. ii.).

In the Satires (I., i. 131) Cruquius reads *clausaque ustrina*, which would make it impossible to claim A. P., 467 as the only spondaic hexameter in Horace. Videant examinatores! At verse 53, same Satire, did R Φ, reading *pueris* (for *puris*), change *verbis* to *verpis*, and with what (Lucilian) allusion? Important is *vides* (for *avidos*), in Satire I., iv. 125. In the second book, Satire 2, 28, the desperate disease, *cocto num adest* . . . , requires a desperate remedy. I propose *cocto numidest* (Numidæ est) *honor idem*, my Numidian being the guinea-fowl, no Bedouin sheikh. In iii., 174, "vesania *dissors*" is the brilliant reading of Nic. Heinsius. In v. 32, *puta* ("suppose, for instance") is read currently, though we know it is post-Horatian. I have, therefore, imagined "pute" (*cf.* [Verg.] Catal., 9) to be the true word here, and to this "*molles* auriculæ" much induced me.

In the Epistles, J. Scaliger, "princeps literatorum," and Daniel Heinsius read "cessatam ducere curam" (ii., 31). Who shall say them "Nay"? Surely "facundi" (for "*fecundi*") is a more eloquent epithet for the beakers in I., v., 19. In I., vii., 7, "pueris omnis pater et matercula (*matertera*, Forcellini) pallet," *omnis* is so otiose that I should read *somnos*. So (I., viii., 7) read *corpore tuto* (for *toto*). One codex has a delicious variant in I. Epist. xix., 13: *ex ore* (for *textore*): exiquœque togæ simulet ex ore Cantonem. II. Epist. 2, 83, has Curii (for *curis*) in a reading given by Vollmer. The passage, thus changed, talks of a bookworm walking more silent than Curius' statue. This is, indeed, *ganz besonderes schlagendes* . . . Another revolutionary variant in the same epistle (verse 123) is *calentia* (for *carentia*), "he will adopt the instinct with

merit," instead of "he will remove what lacks merit." So read the Blandinian and MSS. The variant, to me, throbs with the warmth of truth. Bentley's *flentibus ad flent* (A.P. 101) seems perfect. In A.P. 203, I propose "foramine *parco*" (for the *pauco* of Porphyrion and the *parvo* of two MSS.). Than Bentley's *ter natos* (for *tornatos*) in A.P. 441, few things could be worse.

These few lines may, perhaps, serve to show that, much as Horace is quoted—especially by maturer scholars—and considerable as is the confidence in having *him*, at least, in his own true textual garb, the irresponsible *codex deterior* has transformed, and is transforming, even that genial Epicurean, who, revived nowadays, would hardly recognise himself in the pages of, say, Vollmer's "Ueberlieferungsgeschichte."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BENGAL.

Précis of communications made at the monthly general meeting of May 4.

"An Examination of Max Müller's theory of the Renaissance of Sanskrit Literature in the fourth century A.D., after a lull of seven centuries since the rise of Buddhism." By Mahamahopadhyaya Haraprasad Shastri. Max Müller thought that from the rise of Buddhism in the fifth century B.C. to the rise of the Gupta Empire in the fourth century A.D. Sanskrit was replaced in the Indian literature by the vernaculars. His reason was that no inscription in Sanskrit had been discovered of this period; but the chronology of India was very unsettled when he wrote this. A list has been given in this paper of Sanskrit works which were undoubtedly written by the Hindus, the Buddhists, and the Jainas during the period in question. The Brahmins rarely, if ever, wrote in the vernaculars. The Buddhists and the Jainas at first wrote in district dialects but gradually Sanskritised them, till at last their language became absolutely Sanskrit. Books on economics, grammar, philosophy, law, biography, poetry, dramaturgy, erotics, sociology, medicine, and even in necromancy and astrology were written in Sanskrit during the centuries in which Max Müller thought that Sanskrit played no active part.

"The Fight for the Cows" in the "Rigveda." By A. C. Sen. The prevailing opinion is that "The Fight for the Cows by the Angirases," mentioned in the "Rigveda," is a highly anthropomorphosed description of the monsoon storm in the Panjab. The author of the paper has tried to prove that the story refers to an actual fight for cows between two people, the Indo-Aryans, commanded by their king *Trita*, and a non-Aryan people, called the *Panis*, under the leadership of their chief *Vala*. In the course of the author's investigations he has found the following results from the "Rigveda," with only occasional help from the "Avesta":—*a*. The Indo-Aryans came to India by following the course of the Indus. Their first settlement was in the country known in the "Rigveda" as Gandhár and now called Kandahar. *b*. The *Panis* lived in the valley of the *Gomati* identified with the Gomal. They were in possession of a fine herd of cattle, which the Angirases took away as booty after having defeated them. The *Panis* were merchants by profession. They were a fairly civilised people who knew the art of writing and of shipbuilding (sea castle). *c*. Description has been obtained of a churning machine, which shows that it was very much the same as the one now in use in many parts of India. *d*. At the end of the paper an attempt has been made to identify the *Panis* with the Phœnicians of the Roman and the Greek historians. This, the author believes, has explained three important questions in the Babylonian history, namely:—

1. Who were the Oannes mentioned by Berossus?
2. Who brought civilisation to Babylonia?
3. What was the origin of that form of sun-worship known as the Báal-worship?

"Who planned the Táj?" by Rev. H. Hosten, S.J. Communicated by the Philological Secretary. The subject has come up for discussion several times of late years. Mr. Havell, in particular, is of opinion that the Italian or French origin of the Táj cannot be held. The present paper advocates a return to the tradition at view and offers the contemporary evidence of Friar Sebastian Manrigue, O. S. A. (1670), to show that Sháh Jahán approved of the plans of Jerome Verones, a Venetian architect. Mr. H. G. Keene in his "Turks in India" and his "Handbook of Agra" had come to the same conclusion from a study of Manrigue. His conclusion has been set aside. A full translation of Manrigue's Spanish account is now presented, and it is hoped that the evidence will be found satisfactory.

"The Marsden Manuscript in the British Museum." By W. R. Philipps and H. Beveridge. Edited by Rev. H. Hosten, S.J. Communicated by the Philological Secretary. The Marsden Manuscript consists of 10 volumes of records on the early Jesuit Missions in Abyssinia, India, and the Far East (Nos. 9852—9861). The papers in No. 9853 date from 1601 to 1659 and are fully dealt with by Mr. W. R. Philipps. We find in them the earliest known European reference to the "Todas" of the Nilagirís. No. 9854 was made use of by Mr. E. D. Maclagan (J.A.S.B., 1896, pages 38—115). No. 9155 contains papers concerning "Mogor" and Bengal, some of the letters being dated from Busna, Hugli, Chapra, Patna, others referring to Nagpore, Nepal, and Kafíristan. Three of the documents are in Persian and have been summarised by Mr. H. Beveridge.

"Note of a Visit to Kapala-Mochan." By Anand Koul. Communicated by the Philological Secretary. A diary of a tour to Kapala-Mochan, a place of Hindu pilgrimage, where a stone with a Sanskrit inscription in Saroda character has been dug out by the local priests. The inscription is only a fragment, and the date appears to be Samvat 1846-7, i.e., 1790 A.D.

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The afternoon meeting, which had been postponed on account of the late King's death, was held at the Society's Rooms, 70, Victoria Street, Westminster, on Wednesday, the 25th inst., Mr. H. Mellish, President, in the chair.

An address of condolence and homage was adopted for presentation to His Majesty the King.

A paper on "The Daily Rainfall at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, 1841-1903," by Mr. W. C. Nash, was read. From the statistics given in this paper it was shown that the average annual rainfall for the 63 years was 24.19 in., with 157 rain days. The day with the maximum number of rain days to its credit is December 5, while the days with the least number of rain days are April 18, 19, June 27, and September 13. There were 94 occasions during the whole period on which the rainfall exceeded 1 in. in the day. The greatest fall was 3.67 in. on July 26, 1867.

Mr. L. C. W. Donacina read a paper on "Low Temperature Periods during the Winters 1908-9 and 1909-10." It is often observed that if a given week, month, or other period, in one year, is marked by some very special meteorological character with respect to one or more elements of weather, the corresponding period the following year shows exactly the opposite character. Dealing with the last two winters, the author drew attention to four very remarkable frosts which stand out prominently, viz.: (1) December, 1908, in the south of England; (2) March, 1909, in the south of England; (3) November, 1909, in Scotland and Ireland; and (4) January, 1910, in Scotland and the north of England.

Mr. R. Corless also read a paper on "The Rate of Rainfall at Kew in 1908," in which he described a method of obtaining information about the rate of fall of rain from the records of a self-recording rain gauge, which yields a continuous trace showing, by the position of the pen, the amount of rain fallen.

CORRESPONDENCE

A NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO KING EDWARD VII.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As the nation turns sorrowfully from the graveside of its late Sovereign its first wish will be to devise a worthy monument to keep alive in the hearts of his people the memory of a reign and an example which have been, and may still be, profoundly valuable to them. With fine eloquence the Prime Minister has described the memory and the example which King Edward has left to his people:—"A memory of great opportunities greatly employed, an example which the humblest of his subjects may treasure and strive to follow, of simplicity, courage, self-denial, tenacious devotion, up to the last moment of conscious life, to work, to duty, and to service." If in memory of their dead King, and following his example, the people of his Empire will erect to him a monument, *aere perennius*, constructed of self-sacrifice and personal service, they will be paying to him a far nobler tribute, and one which they may feel confident that he would have valued more, than any structure that money can buy. Such a monument will be the most sincere, the most truly national token of regard. In erecting it all his subjects will share, from the highest to the humblest, and the humblest equally with the highest. King Edward strove to promote concord at home and peace among the nations: his people may carry on that work. He devoted his life to the strengthening and building-up of his country: his people may set the crown upon his endeavour. He did his duty to the end: his people may unite to discharge that duty, the duty of practical personal patriotism. His people may do all this by accepting with one accord, in memory of the King whom they mourn, the obligation of personal service in defence of the Empire. Universal Military Service, which is not Conscription, would strengthen and consolidate the Empire as nothing else can, and by so doing would make for righteousness and peace. Morally and physically it would make our nations stronger and better; and it would afford one common interest in which the prejudices of class and creed and party would be submerged. No Monarch has ever received such a splendid tribute of devotion to his person and recognition of his labours as the voluntary acceptance by his people of the obligation of Universal Military Service for a memorial to him; and no Monarch has so merited it as did King Edward. Let us honour him and honour ourselves by paying that tribute now. For the sake of Edward the Peacemaker, let us strengthen ourselves that we may preserve peace on the earth.

The sister nations of the Empire have begun already to lead the way, and the call comes to the people of the United Kingdom in the stirring words of our present King, uttered after a visit to those sister nations,—"Wake up!" And so, while we adopt Universal Military Service in memory of King Edward, we shall prove our loyalty to King George by heeding his message. How, then, can the people of the United Kingdom voice, in a manner at once national, explicit, simple, and non-partisan, their desire for Universal Military Service? Happily there is a means ready and available for all. When the national self-consciousness was stirred by the issues at the last Parliamentary elections, a Petition was inaugurated praying His Majesty "speedily to take such steps as to Your Majesty shall seem meet to establish a system of Universal Military Service whereby all Your Majesty's male subjects in the United Kingdom shall be trained to bear arms and be rendered liable to serve in the United Kingdom so far as may be necessary for the defence of the country." In the intervening months the organisation of the Universal Service Petition has been quietly and steadily prepared, and the Petition was already in circulation when the news of King Edward's death came with sudden shock upon the world. He has not lived to receive the Petition. Let us, in memory of him, make it a national demonstration of sorrow and affection, and then loyally present it to his Successor on the Throne, our Gracious King, George the Fifth.

E. B. WAGGETT,
Chairman,
General Committee, Universal Service Petition.
F. W. JONES,
Secretary.

109, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

"POE AND OTHER POETS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I read with great interest the article in last week's ACADEMY on "Poe and Other Poets." The writer, to use his own words, "set Poe's work in comparison with acknowledged masterpieces of English poetry." For this purpose he chose three of the most famous and beautiful lyrics in our language and set them beside Poe's "Helen"; holding that, while two of them excelled it in loftiness of theme, none equalled it in the matter of poetical form. He also pointed out the blemishes in the three English poems, notably the jarring line, "In springtime from the cuckoo-bird," which goes far to mar the whole song, and is one of those disagreeable surprises that Wordsworth is in the habit of springing on his admirers. But I would venture to suggest that, justified as he may be in his assertion that these poems are representative of the best English verse, he could have chosen others both excelling, or at least equalling, them in form and lacking the blemishes he discovers. For one I would take this of Shelley:—

"When the lamp is shatter'd
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scatter'd
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken
Sweet tones are remember'd not;
When lips have spoken
Love's accents are soon forgot.

"As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

"When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possesst.
Oh, Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

"Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come."

Or this lovely song, which has always seemed to me the most exquisite of its size in the language:—

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

"Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on."

Others that come to mind are Byron's "There Be None of Beauty's Daughters" and Collins's little ode "How Sleep the Brave!"

Lastly, apropos of the writer's remarks on the skill in metre of Poe, Tennyson, and Swinburne, will you give me space to quote as an instance of technical dexterity—without any desire to set it beside these others—a poem of A. E. Housman?

"Be still, my soul, be still; the arms you bear are brittle,
Earth and high heaven are fixt of old and founded strong.
Think rather,—call to thought, if now you grieve a little,
The days when we had rest, O soul, for they were long.

"Men loved unkindness then, but lightless in the quarry
I slept and saw not; tears fell down, I did not mourn;
Sweat ran and blood sprang out, and I was never sorry;
Then it was well with me in days ere I was born.

"Now, and I muse for why and never find the reason,
I pace the earth, and drink the air, and feel the sun.
Be still, be still, my soul; it is but for a season:
Let us endure an hour and see injustice done.

"Ay, look: high heaven and earth ail from the prime foundation;
All thoughts to rive the heart are there, and all are vain;
Horror and scorn and hate and fear and indignation—
Oh, why did I awake? When shall I sleep again?"

May 18. CYRIL BENTHAM FALLS.

"FOR KING GEORGE V."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In the above article you have raised a most momentous question in respect to constitutional government, which is only another name for a government consisting of acknowledged forms or limits. Constitutional government is only possible under two forms—namely, a monarchical form of limit, and a popular or social form of limit. All other forms of government, whether individual or collective, are, by virtue of their arbitrary character, conducive to tyranny and slavery. A constitutional form of government which is merely a personal form, and possesses only a monarchical form of limit, is, apart from the popular or social form, a negative form of government. Likewise, a constitutional form of government which is merely a popular form, and possesses only a collective form of limit, is, apart from the Monarch, a negative form of government. Two negatives, however, can never be accepted for a positive form of constitutional government. Where, therefore, are we to find the positive form? Presumably, in the unity or constitutional one-ness of the two negative forms. Your significant allusion to the mere monarchical form of our constitutional limit, or, in other words, to the figure-head form of the monarchy, opens one's eyes to the astounding fact that the popular form of our constitutional limit, or, in other words, the real unit of the constitution, is missing. With the Monarch looked upon as a mere figure-head, such as the libertine lot in the present Government look upon him, we may be said to be suffering from that form of constitutional government which is absolutely popular in form—that is to say, which possesses only a monarchical form of limit, but no popular form of limit. Thus has the pendulum swung round from monarchical tyranny to popular tyranny or mob madness. What was sauce for the goose is therefore sauce for the gander.

Monarchical tyranny was arrested, in the interests of the individual, by proclamation of the Lords. This democratic tyranny or mob buccaneering, from which we are now suffering, should and can be arrested, in the interests of the individual, by proclamations from the Monarch, who, as the highest individual in the land, possesses constitutional—to wit, individual—rights and power to act so. Therefore, sir, your allusion to the vast importance of the Sovereign's prerogative of proclamation is exceptionally opportune, seeing that England is about to pay fealty to a new Sovereign. Of course, it suits admirably the fell purposes of our political adventurers to damn a Monarch's sense of justice and purity by their own loud-voiced demands for popular rights of free pillage. May the English nation rouse itself. May it be made to see that, in a constitutional sense, the Sovereign is not, as the crude and untrained minds of latter-day politicians imagine, a simple dummy, useful only for hiding their own infernal machinery, but a power which, if constitutionally restricted as far as evil uses are concerned, is paramount in the ordination of all that is just, noble, and good.

LEX TERRAE.

"SIC VOS NON VOBIS," ETC.—*Virgil.*

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

"No man is glad to have his all neglected, be it ever so little."
—*Johnson.*

SIR,—I am an unknown author. About the year 1870 I became passionately fond of English grammar, and made up my mind to dive deep into the subject. Fifteen years after, I published in London a treatise on "Shall and Will," which publication proved a failure from a pecuniary point of view. In 1897 a learned philologist, Dr. Gerald Molloy, also published a work on the same subject. I ordered it from England, and was delighted with it. The ideas of the learned philologist tallied with mine; except, however, in one case, where he says that "I shall" is sometimes more imperative than "I will," which I cannot for one moment admit, my opinion coinciding with that of Mason (Gram., p. 75, Ed. 1884), who says: "*Shall* is used in the first person, as a *simple auxiliary* of a future tense, on much the same principle as that on which a person subscribes himself at the end of a letter, 'your *obedient servant*.'" A good number of the examples quoted by the learned linguist being those that I gave in my book, I could not help coming to the conclusion that my treatise had been consulted by the author of the new work, and I felt *proud* of it. I at once turned to the preface, in the hope of seeing my name mentioned by the doctor, but I read, to my astonishment, the following words:—"And yet, strange to say, there is *no book* in which the subject is treated with *any approach to completeness*." This disappointed me. I again read the doctor's book, and compared it with mine, so as to find out any shortcomings, and I noticed that both books were run on exactly the same lines, and contained the same data. I then thought of the following: Junot one day called the attention of Napoleon to a most important strategical point, and the latter very coolly said to him, "Je l'avais vu avant toi." Is not my case one in point?

THE AUTHOR OF AN UNKNOWN TREATISE ON "*Shall and Will.*"

Extraits du traité sur *Shall and Will.* Blackie and Son, 1897.	Extraits du traité sur *Shall and Will.* Hachette and Co., 1886.
Page 31.—And Shakespeare, in the "Tempest": Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments *will* hum about my head.	Page 12.—Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments *will* hum about my ears. Shakespeare's "Tempest."
Page 40.—Therefore he ought not to say, I hope I *will*, but, I hope I *shall*; not, I am afraid I *will*, but, I am afraid I *shall*; not, I think I *will*, but, I think I *shall*.	Pages 59 and 65.— Do *not* say: I hope I *will*. — Say *in preference*: I hope I shall. Example: I hope I *shall* make shift to go with him. Shakespeare. Page 60.—I am afraid I *will*. — I am afraid I *shall* argue in vain were I to tell you . . . Macaulay. Page 56.—I *think* I *will*. — I think I *shall*, except, etc. (p. 56).
Page 125.—I *should* have shared your fears, as I now share your joy, and as I *shall* for ever share your concerns. Lord Chesterfield.	Page 31.—I *should have shared* your fears, as I now share your joy, and as I *shall* for ever share your concerns. L. Chesterfield.
Page 126.—I *should* have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents. Swift.	Page 31.—I *should* have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents. J. Swift (G.T.)
Page 149.—What I propose then is that you *should* pay me for the articles which I may send you from India, not in money, but in books. Macaulay.	Page 48.—What I propose then is *that* you *should pay* me for the articles which I may send you from India, not in money, but in books. Macaulay.
Page 159.—A Yankee has written to me to say that an edition of my works is about to be published in America, with my life prefixed, and that he *shall* be obliged to me [I *shall* be obliged to you] to tell him when I was born, whom I married, and so forth. Macaulay.	Page 42.—A *Yankee* has written to me to say that an edition of my works is about to be published in America, with my life prefixed, and that *he* (himself) *shall* be obliged to me to tell him when I was born, whom I married, and so forth. Macaulay.
Page 159.—(*a*) She thought how glad she *should* be [how glad I *shall be*] to cover their poor feet. Charles Lamb.	Page 43.—(*a*) *She* thought how glad *she* (herself) *should* be to cover their poor feet.* C. Lamb.
Page 159.—(*b*) She hoped the dream *would* not come true [I hope it *will* not]. Macaulay.	Page 43.—(*b*) *She* hoped (she said) the *dream would* not come true. Macaulay.
Page 159.—(*c*) Dr. Johnson fancied that he *should* be able [I think I *should* be able] to draw his breath more easily in a southern climate. Macaulay.	Page 43.—(*c*) *Dr. Johnson* fancied that he (himself) *should* be able to draw his breath more easily in a southern climate. Macaulay.

* La phrase entière de Charles Lamb est: "And then *she* looked at her own neat white cotton stockings which her situation at the theatre had made it necessary for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock; *and thought* how glad she *should* be to cover their poor feet *with the same*, etc."

Remarques importantes: A la place de *and*, je mets *she*, le Dr. Molloy en fait *autant*. Je retranche *with the same* comme mots inutiles, le Docteur suit mon exemple. Je m'arrête à *feet*, il s'y arrête aussi. Si ce ne sont pas là des preuves évidentes que mon traité sur "Shall and Will" a été consulté par le Dr. Molloy, "there is an end of all reasoning

on circumstantial evidence," comme dit Macaulay au sujet de l'auteur des Lettres de Junius.

Autre chose: Les exemples (*a*) and (*b*) se suivent dans mon livre; les quatre derniers se suivent aussi, à la même page (159), dans le livre du Docteur. Coïncidence inouïe!!!

THE REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON ELECTORAL SYSTEMS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The recent Report of the Royal Commission on Electoral Systems will be welcome to the adherents of proportional representation. It is true that the Commissioners, with the exception of Lord Lochee, are so cautious as to be unable to report that a case has been made out for the adoption of the transferable vote "here and now" for election to the House of Commons, but with this reservation, the triumph of the transferable vote is the striking feature of the Report.

All the Commissioners agree in the statement that there would be much to be said in favour of the transferable vote as a method for the constitution of an elected Second Chamber. They also appear to approve of the proposal to introduce the transferable vote for municipal elections, though this approval is intimated rather than expressed, for the reason that municipal elections were taken to be outside the terms of reference of the Commission. They further agree in the belief that there is no foundation for the assertion that the actual mechanism of the transferable vote is so complicated as to be difficult of correct and expeditious application under the conditions of political elections. And lastly, they recommend the adoption of the alternative vote in single-member constituencies as a substitute for the second ballot, a recommendation which, if acted upon, will familiarise a great number of our electors with the only machinery needed for proportional representation by means of the transferable vote.

These findings mark a definite and an important step forward in the struggle for the introduction of proportional representation. Its practicable character is freely admitted, and whilst the Commissioners are unable to recommend its adoption here and now, they "emphasise the exact nature and limitations of this conclusion," and not obscurely indicate conditions which would entirely alter the balance of their opinion. Most significant is the favourable judgment expressed by the Commission as to applicability of proportional representation by means of the transferable vote to an elected Second Chamber. Whether a Second Chamber is or is not desirable, whether election is the best basis for a Second Chamber, and, if so, who are to be the electors, or whether any change in the constitution of our existing Second Chamber is to be recommended—these are questions on which it is not our wish, and, indeed, it would be outside our duty, in this letter to offer an opinion. But this statement of the Commissioners as to the basis of election for a Second Chamber, coupled, as it now may be, with the successful results of the election to the South African Senate already completed on the system which we advocate, is surely a matter which at this moment must be weighed and considered by statesmen of all parties.

The hesitation of the majority of the Commissioners to recommend the immediate application of the proportional system in elections to the House of Commons is frankly based upon political considerations, upon the possible effect of the change upon the relations between the Cabinet and the House of Commons. On the other hand, Lord Lochee, in a note appended to the Report, whilst admitting that the introduction of proportional representation might involve important changes in Parliamentary Government, holds that this was not a question for the Commission, and the terms of reference would seem to justify his opinion.

"I do not believe," adds Lord Lochee, "that the cause of good government is bound up with the maintenance of a distorted representation or that British statesmanship would be unable to cope with the problems which a better system might bring in its train."

The Commissioners explain the introduction of proportional representation in other countries as due to conditions which made its adoption the only possible way out of an *impasse*. Must we wait for an *impasse*?

AVEBURY, President.
COURTNEY OF PENWITH, Chairman.
J. FISCHER WILLIAMS, Hon. Treasurer.
JOHN H. HUMPHREYS, Hon. Secretary.

The Proportional Representation Society,
179, St. Stephen's House,
Westminster Bridge, S.W.
May, 1910.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

What is this Universe? Christian Faith versus Monist Dreams. (An Answer to Professor Haeckel's Book "The Riddle of the Universe.") By S. Ph. Marcus, M.D. Translated by R. W. Felkin, M.D., F.R.S.E. With an Introduction by Rev. William Durban, B.A. Funk and Wagnalls Company.

Highways and Byways in Buckinghamshire. By Clement Shorter. With Illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs. Macmillan and Co. 6s.

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